I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
*Marc.* *Lucius* I will.
*Titus*, How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see:
Which is it girle of these? open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damnd contriuer of this deede.
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
*Marc.* I thinke she meanes that there was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them for reuenge.
*Titus.* *Lucius* what booke is that she tosseth so?
*Puer.* Grandsier tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it me.
*Marc.* For loue of her thats gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.
*Titus.* Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lauinia* shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
*Marc.* See brother see note how she quotes the leaues.
*Titus.* *Lauinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Rauisht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Forcd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patternd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
*Marc.* O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?
*Tit.* Giue signes sweet girle for heere are none but friends.
What



What Romane Lord it was durst
Or sonke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarq*
That left the Campe to sinne in
*Marc.* Sit downe sweet Neec
*Appollo*, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,
Inspire me that I may this treaso
My Lord looke heere, looke he

*He writes his Name with h*
*with feete a*

This fandie plot is plaine, guide
This after me, I haue writ my n
Without the helpe of any hand
Curst be that hart that forst vs
Write thou good Neece, and he
What God will haue discouered
Heauen guide thy pen to print t
That we may know the traytor

*She takes the staffe in her mou*
*stumpes, an*

*Titus.* Oh doe ye read my Lo
*Stuprum*, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
*Marc.* What, what, the lustfu
Performers of this hainous bloc
*Titus.* *Magni Dominator poli,*
*Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lent*
*Marc.* Oh calme thee gentle
There is enough written vpon
To stirre a mutenie in the milde
And arme the mindes of infants
My Lord kneele downe with